

'May it please your honor,' he said, 'I want a continuance until I can get an attorney.' 'Can't have no continuance and you don't need any attorney,' said Mullen. 'Can I see the papers charging me with any crime?' 'We don't need papers,' said Mullen. 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' 'Not guilty, your honor.' Damson then made a brief statement of his side of the case and without any defense Mullen fined Molette \$100 and costs, and ordered Damson to throw the prisoner into jail. Despite the work of numerous friends who offered to pay the fine or furnish an appeal bond, Molette was kept in jail over night."

The next case is important, as there is no decision to be found in the books on the subject :

"Recently a man sitting in the room during a trial happened to scratch his nose. Mullen shouted from the bench, 'Here you, quit picking your nose in my presence.' 'Your honor, I was not picking my nose ; I meant no offense.' 'Shut up ; I don't want any of your back talk. I will fine you \$5 for contempt. Officer, take that man to jail.' The officer dragged the man to jail without further ceremony."

We hear complaints occasionally that prisoners in our jails are made too comfortable. Some valuable suggestions may perhaps be had from the description of the Cripple Creek house of correction as described in the same paper. The attorney who had the audacity to defend the street preacher was very properly "cast into prison" for such a scandalous contempt of court. He thus describes the new and improved method adopted by our go-ahead neighbors for making crime unpopular. Describing the jail he says :

"The walls of the cells are covered with lice and kept in the greatest filth. A worse punishment is, however, in store for many unfortunates than filthy cells. In the centre of the jail is situated a torture chamber that would do justice to the horrors of the inquisition. It is a box of wrought iron and called the sweating dungeon. When a prisoner is locked in it, not a ray of light penetrates its gloom and the air has no circulation. On the outside of this big iron box is placed a large stove. A fire built in the stove gradually heats the walls of this box until the air inside becomes stifling and the walls so hot that the prisoner cannot bear his hand against them. The awful horror of this torture can be better imagined than described. A prominent attorney of this Cripple Creek who stood inside this cell but a moment when the box was heated said that he believed he would kill himself before enduring an hour of such terrible agony. It was in this cell that the street preacher was placed, while his wife was locked in a small cell with a negro woman."

And all this is the latter end of the 19th century ! and the city is connected by rail and telegraph with the city of Washington, the capital of the most enlightened country on earth, and this state of things has, we are also informed, been going on for over two years.